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POPULAR TALES.

THE DEFALTER.

"AN OWRE TRUE TALE."

BY T. HOOD.

'What is the matter with Mr. Pryme?' The speaker was a tall, dark man, with grizzled hair, black eyes, a long nose, a wide mouth, and the commercial feature of a pen behind his right ear. He had several times asked himself the same question, but without any satisfactory solution, and now addressed it to a little, sandy-haired man, who was standing with his back to the office fire. Both were clerks in a government office, as well as the party whose health or deportment was involved in the inquiry.

'What is the matter with Mr. Pryme?' 'Heaven knows,' said the sandy Mr. Phipps, at the same time lifting up his eyebrows towards the organs of wonder, and shrugging his shoulders.

'You have observed how nervous and fidgety he is?' 'To be sure. Look at the fireplace; he has done nothing all the morning but put on coals and rake them out again.'

'Yes, I have been watching him and kept count,' interposed Mr. Trent, a junior official; 'he has poked the fire nineteen times, besides looking five times out of the window, and twice taking down his hat and hanging it up again.'

'I got him to change me a sovereign,' said the dark Mr. Grumble, 'and he first gave me nineteen, and then twenty one shillings for it. But look here at his entries,' and he pointed to an open ledger on the desk, 'he has dipped promiscuously into the black ink and the red!'

'The three clerks took a look apiece at the book, and then a still longer look at each other. None of them spoke; but each made a face, one pursing up his lips as if to blow an imaginary flag, another frowning, as with a distracting headache, and the third drawing down the corners of his mouth, as if he had just taken, or was about to take, physic.'

'What can it be?' said Mr. Phipps. 'Let's ask him,' suggested Mr. Trent. 'Better not,' said Grumble, 'you know how hot and touchy he is. I once ventured to cut a joke on him, and he has never thoroughly forgiven it to this day.'

'What was it about?' inquired the junior. 'Why he has been married above a dozen years without having any children, and it was a usual thing with us, when he came of a morning, to ask after the little Prymes—but the joke caused so many rows and quarrels, that we have given it up.'

'Where is he?' asked Mr. Phipps, with a glance round the office.

'In the Secretary's private room. But hush! here he comes.'

'The three clerks hastily retreated to their several desks, and began writing with great apparent diligence; yet vigilantly watching every movement of the nervous and fidgety Mr. Pryme, who entered the room with an uneven step, looking rather flushed and excited, vigorously rubbing his bald head with his silk handkerchief.

Perhaps he noticed that he was observed, for he looked uneasily and suspiciously from one clerk to the other; but each face preserved a demure gravity, and the little, stout, bald, florid gentleman repaired to his own place. The Morning Post, damp and still, dried it at the fire, and began to read—but the next minute he laid down the paper, and seizing the poker, made several plunges at the coals, as often against the bars as between them, till the metal rang again. Then he resumed the Post—but quickly relinquished it—quite unable to fix his attention on the type—an incompetence perfectly astounding to other clerks, who considered reading the newspaper as a regular and important part of the official duties.

'By Jove,' whispered Mr. Phipps to Mr. Grumble, 'whom he had approached under the pretence of delivering a document, he cannot Post the news any more than his ledger.'

Mr. Grumble acquiesced with a grave nod and a grimace; and Mr. Phipps returning to his desk, a silence ensued, so profound that the scratching of the pens at work on the paper was distinctly audible. The little bald cashier himself had begun to write, and for some minutes was occupied so quietly, that curiosity gave way to business, and the three clerks were absorbed in their calculations, when a sudden noise caused them to look up. Mr. Pryme had jumped from his high stool, and was in the act of taking down his hat from its peg. He held it for a while in his hand, as if in deep deliberation, then suddenly clapped it on his head, but as hastily took it off again—thrust the Morning Post into the crown, and restored the behavior to its place on the wall. The next moment he encountered the eyes of Phipps—a suspicion that he was watched seemed to come across him, and his uneasiness increased. He immediately returned to his desk, and began to turn over the leaves of an account book—but

with unnatural haste, and it was evident that although his eyes were fixed on the volume, his thoughts were elsewhere, for by degrees he went off into a reverie, only rousing now and then to take huge pinches of snuff. At last, suddenly waking up, he pulled out his watch—pored at it—held it up to his ear—replaced it in his fob, and with a glance at his hat, began drawing on his gloves. Perhaps he would have gone off—if Mr. Grumble had not crossed over from his desk, and placed an open book before him, with a request for his signature. The little bald, florid man, without removing his glove, attempted to write his name, but his hand trembled so that he could hardly guide the pen. However, he tried to carry off the matter as a joke—but his laugh was forced, and his voice had had the quivering huskiness of internal agitation.

'Ha! ha!—rather shaky—too much wine last night—eh, Mr. Grumble?' The latter made no reply, but as he walked off with the book under his arm, and his back towards Mr. Pryme, he bestowed a deliberate wink on each of his associates, and significantly intimated with his own hand the aspen-like motion he had just observed. The others responded with a look of intelligence, and resumed their labors; but the tall, dark man fell into a fit of profound abstraction, during which he unconsciously scribbled on his blotting-paper in at least a score of places, the word EMBEZZLEMENT.

The little bald, florid man, in the meantime, continued his nervous and fidgety evolutions—worrying the fire, trying on hat and gloves, snuffing vehemently, coughing huskily, and winking perpetually—now surveying through folios, then drumming the devil's tattoo on his desk, and moreover, under pretence of mending his pens, and slashed half-a-dozen of them to pieces—when he received a fresh summons to the Secretary's room.

The moment the door closed behind him, the two clerks, Phipps and Trent, darted across to Mr. Grumble, who silently exhibited to them the snaky autograph of the agitated cashier. They then adjourned to the fire, when a pause of profound cogitation ensued; the Junior intensely surveying his bright boots—Mr. Phipps industriously nibbling the top of his pen—while Mr. Grumble kept assiduously breaking the bituminous bubbles, which exuded from the burning coals, with the point of the poker.

'It is very extraordinary!' at last muttered Mr. Phipps.

'Very,' chimed in the Junior Clerk.

Mr. Grumble silently turned his back on the fire, and fixed his gaze on the ceiling, with his mouth firmly compressed, as if meaning to signify, 'that whatever he might think, he would say nothing;' in case of any thing happening to Mr. Pryme, he was the next, in point of seniority, for the vacant place, and delicacy forbade his being the first to proclaim his suspicions.

'You don't think he is going off, do you?' inquired Mr. Phipps.

Mr. Grumble turned his gaze intently on the querist as though he would look him through—hem'd—but said nothing.

'I mean off his head.'

'Oh—I thought you meant off to America.'

It was now Mr. Phipps' turn to look intently at Mr. Grumble, whose every feature he scrutinized with the studious interest of a Lavater.

'Why you surely don't mean to say—'

'I do.'

'What, that he has—'

'Yes.'

'Is it possible?'

Mr. Grumble gave three distinct and deliberate nods, in reply to which, Mr. Phipps whistled a long phe-e-e-e-e-e!

All this time the Junior had been eagerly listening to the mysterious conference, anxiously looking from one speaker to the other, till the hidden meaning suddenly revealed itself to his mind, and with the usual indiscretion of youth he immediately gave it utterance.

'Why then, Grumble, old Pryme will be transported, and you will walk into his shoes.'

Mr. Grumble frowned severely, and laid one forefinger on his lips, while with the other he pointed to the door. But Mr. Pryme was still distant in the Secretary's private room.

'Well, I should never have thought it!' exclaimed Mr. Phipps. 'He was so regular in his habits, and I should say very moderate in his expenses. He was never given to dress (the young clerk laughed at the idea), and certainly never talked like a gay man with the other sex (the Junior laughed again). I don't think he gambled, or had any connexion with the turf?—To be sure he may have dabbled a little in the Alley—or perhaps in the Discounting line.'

To each of these interrogative speculations Mr. Grumble responded with a negative shake of the head, or a doubtful shrug of his shoulders, till the catalogue was exhausted, and then, with his eyes cast upward, uttered an emphatic 'God knows!'

'But have you any proof of it?' asked Mr. Phipps.

'My dear fellow,' said the young clerk, 'there is no mistake about it. I was watching him when the messenger came to fetch him to the secretary, and he started and shook as if he had expected a policeman.'

Mr. Phipps said no more, but retreated to his place, and with his elbow on his desk, and his head between his hands, began sorrowfully to ruminate on the ruin and misery impending over the unfortunate cashier. He could well appreciate the nervous alarm and anxiety of the wretched man, liable at any moment to detection, with the consequent disgrace, and a punishment scarcely preferable to death itself. His memory reminded him that Mr. Pryme had done him vari-

ous services, while his imagination pictured his benefactor in the most distressing situations—in the station-house—at Bow-street—in Newgate—at the bar of the Old Bailey—in a hulk—in a convict ship, with the common herd of the ruffianly and the depraved—and finally toiling in life-long labor in a distant land. And as he dwelt on these dreadful and dreary scenes, the kind-hearted Mr. Phipps himself became quite unbegotten: his own nerves began to quiver, whilst his muscles sympathizing with the mental excitement, prompted him to such restless activity, that he was soon almost as fidgety and perturbed as the object of his commiseration.

Oh! that the guilty man, forewarned of danger by some providential inspiration, might have left the office never to return! But the hope was futile; the door opened—the doomed Mr. Pryme hastily entered—went to his own desk, unbent his waiscoat, and clutching his bewildered bald head with one fevered hand, began with the other to turn over the leaves of a journal without perceiving that the book was upside down.

'Was there ever,' thought Phipps, 'such an infatuation! He has evidently cause for alarm, and yet lingers about the fatal spot.'

How he yearned to give him a hint that his secret was known—to say to him, 'Go!—Fly! ere it be too late! Seek some other country where you may live in freedom and repent.'

But, alas! the eyes of Grumble and Trent were upon him, and above all the stern figure of inexorable Duty rose up before him, and melting the wax of Silence at the flaming sword of Justice, imposed a seal upon his lips.

'Gracious Goodness!' exclaims Female Sensibility, 'and will the dear fresh-colored bald little gentleman be actually transported to Botany Bay!'

My dear Miss—a little patience. A criminal before such a consummation has to go through more processes than a new pin. First, as Mrs. Glasse says of her hare, he has to be caught, then examined, committed, and true-billed—arraigned, convicted, and sentenced. Next, he must, perhaps, be cropped, washed, and clothed—hulked and shipped, and finally, if he does not die of sea-sickness, or shipwreck, or get eaten by the natives, he may toil out his natural term in Australia, as a stone-breaker, a cattle-keeper, or a domestic servant!

'Dear me, how dreadful!' And for a man, perhaps, like Mr. Pryme, of gentle habits and refined notions, accustomed to all the luxuries of life, and every delicacy of the season. I should really like to set on foot a little private subscription, for providing him with the proper comforts in prison and a becoming outfit for his voyage.'

My dear young lady, I can appreciate your motives, and do honor to your feelings. But before you go round with your book among relations, acquaintances, and strangers, soliciting pounds, shillings, and pence, from people of broad, middling, and narrow incomes, just do me the favor to look into yonder garret, exposed to us by the magic of the Devil on Two Sticks, and consider that respectable young woman, engaged at past midnight, by the light of a solitary rushlight, in making shirts at three-halfpence a piece, and shifts for nothing. Look at her hollow eyes, her withered cheeks, and emaciated frame, for it is a part of the infernal bargain that she is to lose her own health and find her own needles and thread. Reckon, if you can, the thousands of weary stitches it will require to sew, not gussets and seams, but body and soul together; and perhaps, after all her hard sewing, having to sue a shabby employer for the amount of her pitiful earning. Estimate, if you may, the terrible wear and tear of head and heart, of liver and lungs. Appraise, on oath, the value of youth wasted, spirits outworn, prospects blasted, natural affections withered in the bud, and all blissful hopes annihilated except those beyond the grave—'

'What! by that horrid, red-faced, bald-pated, undersized little monster!'

No, Miss—but by a breach of trust on the part of a banker of genteel habits and refined notions; accustomed to all the luxuries of life, and every delicacy of the season.

'Oh, the abominable villain! And did he run in himself as well as the poor lady?'

Totally.

'And was transported?'

Quite.

'What to Botany Bay?'

No, Miss. To the loveliest part of Sussex, where is condemned to live in a commodious Cottage Residence, with pleasure-ground, and kitchen garden annexed—capital shooting and fishing, and within reach of two packs of hounds.

'Shameful! Scandalous!—why it's no punishment at all.'

No, Miss. And then to think of the hundreds and thousands of emigrants—English, Scotch, and Irish—who for no crime but poverty, are compelled to leave their native country—the homes and hearths of their childhood—the graves of their kindred—the land of their fathers, and to settle—if settling it may be called—in the houseless woods and wilderness of a foreign clime.

'Oh shocking! shocking! But if I was the government, the wicked fraudulent bankers and trust-breakers should be sent abroad too. Why shouldn't they be punished with passage money and grants of land as well as the poor innocent emigrants, and be obliged to settle in foreign parts?'

Ah! why, indeed, Miss—except—'

'Except what, sir?'

'Why, that Embezzlers and Swindlers, by all accounts, are such very bad Settlers.'

The little bald, florid, fidgety personage was

still sitting on his high stool at his desk, snuffing, coughing, winking, and pretending to examine a topsyturvy account-book—sometimes, by way of variation, hashing up a new pen, or drumming a fresh march with his fingers—'

Mr. Grumble was making some private calculations, which had reference to his future income tax, on a slip of office-paper—'

Mr. Trent was 'dreaming' over an imaginary trial, in which he was a witness, at the Old Bailey—'

And Mr. Phipps was fretting over the predestinated capture of the infatuated Cashier—when all at once there was a noise that startled the clerkly trio from their seats.

The nervous Mr. Pryme, by 'one of his involuntary motions, had upset his leaden inkstand—in trying to save the inkstand he knocked down his ruler—in catching at the ruler he had let fall the great journal—and in scrambling after the journal he had overturned his high stool. The clatter was prodigious, and acting on a nature overwrought, sufficed to discompose the last atom of his equanimity.

For a moment the bewildered author of the work stood and trembled as if shot—then snatching his hat, and clapping it 'skow-wow anyhow,' on his head, rushed desperately out of the office.

'Thank God!' ejaculated Mr. Phipps, drawing a long breath, like a swimmer after a dive.

'I say, Grumble, exclaimed the Junior Clerk—'it's a true bill!'

But Mr. Grumble was already outside the door, and running down the stone-stairs into the hall, seized upon the first office-messenger that offered.

'Here—Warren!—quick!—run after Mr. Pryme—don't let him out of your sight—but watch where he goes to—and let me know.'

Messrs. Grumble, Phipps, and Trent held a consultation, and then proceeded in a body to the Secretary, to whom they described the singular behavior of Mr. Pryme.

'Very singular, indeed,' said the Secretary—'I observed it myself, and inquired if he was in good health. No—yes—no. And Mrs. Pryme. Yes—no—yes. In short, he did not know what he was saying.'

'Or doing,' put in Mr. Trent. 'He threw a shovel of coals into the iron safe.'

'With other acts,' added Mr. Grumble, 'the reverse of official.'

'Tell him at once,' whispered Mr. Trent. 'In short, sir,' said Mr. Grumble, 'with a most sepulchral tone, and the face of an undertaker, I am sorry, deeply sorry and concerned to say, that Mr. Pryme has suddenly departed.'

'Indeed! But he was just the sort of man to do it.'

The three clerks stared at each other, for they had all thought exactly the reverse of the little, bald, florid, ex-cashier.

'Short necked, sanguine, and of a full habit, you know,' continued the Secretary. 'Poor fellow!'

'I am sorry, deeply sorry and concerned to say,' repeated Mr. Grumble, 'that I mean he has absconded.'

'The devil he has!' exclaimed the Secretary, at once jumping to his feet, and instinctively buttoning up his pockets—but no—it's impossible! and he looked towards Trent and Phipps for confirmation.

'It's a true bill,' said the first, 'he has bolted sure enough.'

The other only shook his head.

'It's incredible!' said the Secretary. 'Why, he was as steady as a quaker, and as correct as clock-work! Mr. Grumble, have you inspected his books?'

'I have, sir.'

'Well, sir?'

'At present, sir, all appears correct. But as the accounts are kept in this office it is easier to embezzle than to detect defalcation.'

'Humph! I do not think we are worse in that respect than other public offices! Then, if I understand you, there is no distinct evidence of fraud?'

'None, whatever, sir,' replied Mr. Phipps. 'Except his absconding,' added Mr. Grumble. 'Well, gentlemen, we will wait till ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and then if Mr. Pryme does not make his appearance we shall know how to act.'

The three clerks made three bows and retired, severely pleased, displeased and indifferent at the result of their audience.

'We may wait for him,' grumbled Mr. Grumble, 'till ten o'clock on doomsday.'

At this moment the door re-opened, and the Secretary put out his head.

'Gentlemen, I need not recommend you to confine this matter, for the present, to your own bosoms!'

But the caution was in vain. Warren, the messenger, had given a hint of the affair to a porter, who had told it to another, and another, and another, till the secret was as well buzzed and blown as if it had been confined to a swarm of blue-bottles. In fact, the flight of Mr. Pryme was known throughout the several offices, where, according to English custom, the event became a subject for betting, and a considerable sum was laid out at 6 to 4, and afterwards at 7 to 2, against the re-appearance of the cashier.

miles an hour, more or less, so as not easy to be kept up with, straight home to his own house, number 9, where instead of double knocking at the door, he ring'd to be let in at the hairy bell.'

'Very odd!' remarked Mr. Grumble.

'Well, he staid in the house a goodish while—as long as it might take him, like, to collect his portable property and vallybles—when all at once out he comes, like a man, with his head turned, and his hat stuck on hind part afore, for you know he'd wore it up at the back like a sur-ricle one.'

'A clerical one—go on.'

'Why then, away he cuts down the street, as hard as he can split without bursting, and me arter him, but being stiffish with the rheumatiz, whereby I soon found I was getting nowhere at all in the race, and in consequence pulled up.'

'And which way did he run?'

'Why then he seemed to me to be a-making for the bridge.'

'Ah, to get on board a steamer,' said Mr. Grumble.

'Or into the river,' suggested Mr. Trent.

Mr. Phipps groaned and wrung his hands.

'You're right, you are, Mr. Trent, sir,' said the messenger with a determined nod and wink at the junior clerk.

'There was a gemman throwed himself over last Friday, and they did say it was becos he had made away with ten thousand Long Annuitants.'

'The poor, wretched, misguided creature!'

'Yes he did, Mr. Phipps, sir—right over the senter hatch! And what's wuss, not leaving a rap behind him except his widdier and five small little children, and the youngest on em's a suck-in baby.'

'Thank God!' exclaimed Mr. Phipps, 'that Mr. Pryme is not a family man.'

Poor Mr. Phipps!

As soon as the office was closed he walked home to his lodgings in Westminster, but at a slower pace than usual, and with a heavy heart, for his mind was full of sorrow and misgiving at the too probable fate of the unfortunate Defaulter.

The figure of Mr. Pryme followed him wherever he went: it seemed to glance over his shoulder in the looking glass; and when he went to wash his hands, the pale, drowned face of the cashier shone up through the water, instead of the pattern at the bottom of the basin.

For the first time since his clerkship he could not enjoy that favorite meal, his tea. The black bitterness in his thoughts overpowered the flavor of the green-leaf—it turned the milk, and neutralized the sugar on his palate. He took but one bite of his crumpet, and then resigned it to the cat. Supper was out of the question. His mental agitation, acting on the nerves of the stomach, had brought on a sick headache, which indisposed him to any kind of food. In the meanwhile, for the first time, he became intensely sensible that he was a bachelor, and uncomfortably conscious of his loneliness in the world.

The company of a second person, another face, only to look at, would have been an infinite relief to him—by diverting his attention from the dreadful thought and the horrible image, that do what he would, kept rising up before him—sometimes like a shadow on the wall sometimes like a miniature figure amid the intricate veins of the marble mantlepiece—and anon in the chiaroscuro of the fire. To get rid of these haunting illusions, he caught up a book which happened to be the second volume of 'Lamb's Letters,' and stumbled on the following ominous passage:

'Who that standeth, knoweth but that he may yet fall? Your hands, as yet, I am most willing to believe, have never deviated into another's property. You think it impossible that you could ever commit so heinous an offence; but so thought Faustleroy once; so have thought many besides him, who at last have expiated as he hath done.'

The words read like a fatal prophecy! He dropt the book in horror, and falling on his knees with tearful eyes and uplifted hands, besought Providence, if it saw fit, to afflict him with the utmost miseries of sickness and poverty, but to save him—even by a stroke of sudden death to save him—from ever becoming a Defaulter!

This devotional act restored him in some degree to tranquillity; but with night and sleep all his horrors returned. The face of Mr. Pryme, no longer florid, but pale as a plaster-cast, was continually confronting him, now staring at him through transparent waters, and now between massive iron bars. Then the dismal portrait would abruptly change to a full-length, which was as suddenly surrounded by a cluster of children, boys and girls of different ages, including one or two infants,—a family he understood, by the intuition of dreams, to be illegitimate, and that they were solemnly consigned by the Suicide to his care and maintenance. Anon the white figure vanished, and a black one appeared in its place, a female, with the very outline, as if cut in paper, of the widowed Mrs. Pryme, and whom by some mysterious but imperative obligation he felt that he must espouse. The next moment this phantom was swept away by a mighty rush of black waters, like those in Martin's grand picture of the Deluge, and on or beneath the dark flood again floated the pale effigy of the Suicide entire and apparently struggling for dear life, and sometimes shattered he knew not how, and drifting about in passive fragments. Then came a fresh rush of black waters, gradually shaping itself into an immense whirlpool, with the white corpse-like figure, but magnified to a colossal size, rapidly whirling in the centre of the vortex, whilst obscure forms, black and white, of children, females, savages, and, alas! not a few gigantic Demon shapes, revolved more slowly round it.

In short, the poor fellow never passed so wretched a night since he was born!

The morrow came, and the Hour—but not the Man.

Messrs. Grimble, Phipps, and Trent were assembled round the office fire—poor Phipps looking as white as a sheet, for ten o'clock had struck, and there was no Mr. Pryme.

At five minutes past ten the Secretary came in from his own room with his golden repeater in his hand—he looked anxiously round the office, and then in turn at each of the three clerks—Mr. Phipps sighed, Mr. Trent shook his head, and Mr. Grimble shrugged up his shoulders.

'Not here yet?' muttered Mr. Grimble.

'What odds will you lay about it?' whispered the giddy Mr. Trent.

'The office clock is rather fast,' stammered out Mr. Phipps.

'No—it is exact by my time,' said the Secretary, and he held out the watch for inspection.

'He was always punctual to a minute,' observed Mr. Grimble.

'Always. I fear, gentlemen, we must apply for a war.'

The Secretary paused, for he heard the sound of a foot at the door, which hastily opened, and in walked Mr. Pryme!!!

An apparition could scarcely have caused a greater trepidation. The Secretary hurriedly thrust his repeater into his breeches pocket—Mr. Grimble retreated to his own desk—Mr. Phipps stood stock still, with his eyes and mouth wide open—while Mr. Trent, though he was a loser on the event, burst into a loud laugh.

'I am afraid, gentlemen,' said Mr. Pryme, looking very foolish and stammering, 'I am afraid that my—my—my ridiculous behavior yesterday has caused you some—some—uneasiness—on my account.'

No answer.

'The truth is—I was exceedingly anxious and nervous—and agitated—very agitated indeed!'

'Very,' from Mr. Trent.

'The little florid man colored up till his round, shiny bald head was as scarlet as a love-apple.'

'The truth is—after so many disappointments—I did not like to mention the thing—the affair—till it was quite certain—till it was all over—for fear—for fear of being quizzed. The truth is—the truth is—'

'Take time, Mr. Pryme,' said the Secretary.

'Why, then—the truth is—after fifteen years—I'm a Father—a happy Father, sir—a fine chopping boy, gentlemen—and Mrs. P. is as charming—that's to say, as well—as can be expected!'

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 11, 1843.

MAPLE SUGAR. The Sugar Maple which abounds in our luxuriant forests, might, with proper care and cultivation, become a source of profit to our farmers. It has been but a very short period since its good qualities were known. And although they are now known to some extent, we fear they are not fully appreciated. The tree itself is not held in sufficient respect. Our farmers cut it down as they do the beech, the birch, and the hemlock. The rude axe is suffered to destroy whole acres of it, as if it were not a matter of the least moment. This ought not to be. The Sugar Maple should be honored—preserved under all circumstances—and held as sacred as certain trees are by the Pagans.

The sugar from this tree is very easily obtained;—and when we get it, is purchased with our own labor. This serves to make it still more a luxury. It forms an exception to the general rule in such matters. For in most cases a thing to be appreciated must be "far fetched and dear bought." Not so with Maple Sugar, for although it is the product of our own soil, it is highly esteemed by all. We advise our farmers to make all they can, and be careful to make it of the best quality. It must be made neat, and not burnt, to be saleable. We extract the following from an exchange paper in order to assist those who may attempt to make a good article. Try it, friends; and if you succeed well, send us a taste.

"When the syrup is strained and put into the kettle for sugaring off, there should be added for each full, about one pint of milk.

"The sugar should not be run into cakes but when sufficiently boiled to grain, let the kettle be set off the fire and when it begins to cool the stirring should be commenced with a stick flattened for the purpose.—This stirring should be increased in rapidity with its cooling, and towards the last of it two men should relieve each other for a few minutes—stirring it very rapidly and to the bottom, until it is all perfectly dry and "alive," as the phrase is. This "stirring off" can be finished in about 20 minutes; and when thus done, cane sugar can never equal it in beauty or flavor."

MESMERISM. Another Lecturer on this subject by the name of Beckwith, a Reverend Sir, commenced a course in Portland, Wednesday. The following important experiments were to be performed as promised by the advertisement. He says he has got the best subject in the U. States!!!

"This subject will be blindfolded to the abundant satisfaction of the committee after being mesmerized and play a game of Gammon or Checkers with the best player in Portland.

Also, a subject will be tested as to his vocal powers while asleep. He will sing in any language although unknown to him when awake.

Organic diseases will be examined, both in public and in private, and remedies prescribed.

Those who don't know where their diseases are located will do well to call."

A certain female said to Dr. Robbins that she could see him by looking through a flint. Some one told Dr. Smith of it, who remarked, that if she had said she had looked through Robbins' head and seen that he had no brain, he should have believed her. Portland is to be pitted. If we were not so far "away back here," we should probably see some of those intemperate wending their way hither. But, as it is, there is little danger of such a phenomenon. We have become a believer in this science (?) to some degree. For we have tried Mr. Severance's experiment on a pig, and find him an excellent subject. When he is in the mesmeric state he talks very readily in any unknown tongue. This is astonishing!

PART PART. Had a Snow storm nearly eighteen inches in depth. One would suppose, from the general aspect, that it was mid-winter. The snow is supposed to be five feet deep in the woods.

Democrats and Democratic papers should be careful how they talk about the late House of Representatives. The members of that House were Representatives of the people, and if harmony is desired, they must be treated and respected as such. We like patriotism—we like our country—we like to sustain men who, above all things, support the interests of the people, and those measures which have for their ultimate end, the general good. In order to do this, we often find it necessary to censure traitors, condemn treason and all those who profess one kind of principles, but act in opposition to them. We hate Federalism in disguise.

But it is not to be expected that Democrats will all be of one mind on every subject. The idea is preposterous. Such a requirement would kill any party or any association of men. No such test ought to be demanded, and none such belongs to our creed. Let us have freedom of discussion—freedom of thought—freedom of action, and be quiet with whatever is reasonable after it has been submitted to the calm judgment of those of our own party who are as well, and perhaps better, qualified to express a just opinion than we ourselves.

WING LAYS. The following important Bill was introduced into the House on the very eve of the session. It was introduced by Coon Perkins, a small, black eyed specimen of a man from Hallowell. It is characteristic of Cooney—and is a scintillation from the principles of '40. It runs through a sewer before it saw day light, in consequence of which it is rather cloudy. It is the greatest effort that Coon made, and it drew so hard upon his intellectual and astronomical powers it is doubtful whether he survives it. Here it is:—

STATE OF MAINE.

An Act to define the length of Comet's tails, and for other purposes.

SECT. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate & House of Representatives as follows:* From and after the first day of April next, no Comet shall be allowed to come within our planetary system with a tail of greater length than one million of miles, excepting in the Congressional District of Lincoln and Oxford, in which case it may extend northwesterly and southeasterly in a crooked direction to the utmost limits of said district.

SECT. 2. *Be it further enacted,* That for every violation of the provisions of this act a fine shall be paid to the county by the inhabitant thereof, of not less than five thousand nor more than ten thousand dollars, at the direction of the Chief Justice of the Town Court where the offence may be committed, payable within thirty days after conviction, in gold, silver or moonshine.

SECT. 3. *Be it further enacted,* That for aiding or abetting any violation of this act the private property of the inhabitants of the Comet, and of all other persons within the range of its orbit shall be holden "through all coming time."

SECT. 4. *Be it further enacted,* That it may and shall be lawful, for the Democratic candidates for Congress (not exceeding twenty-three in any one district) to ride on said Comet, or the tail thereof, without charge for the purpose of effecting their own elections.

SECT. 5. *Be it further enacted,* That the provisions of this act relating to Comets shall be held to apply to all other vagrants and vagabonds, including phrenologists, animal magnetizers, jugglers, loco motives, loco focos, pedlars, night walkers, Millerites, Mormons, and all other persons going about from town to town switching tails of extraordinary length.

SECT. 6. *Be it further enacted,* That this law shall take effect from and after the first day of April next; any law passed by Congress, or any veto of Captain Tyler, or any forcible resistance of Thos. W. Dorr, to the contrary notwithstanding.

SECT. 7. *Be it further enacted,* That if any person before the 23d day of March, A. D. 1841, shall illuminate the people of this State with northern lights on the subject of *Banks and Banks*, or defeat the treaty of Washington, or make the State liable for seizing plundered timber, he shall be exempted from the penalties of this act, and shall be allowed the privilege of riding free of expense, beyond the reach of day light, upon the tail of any Comet he may choose to ride.

SECT. 8. *Be it further enacted,* That this act shall continue in force until the Legislature of Maine shall have recaptured the California, effected a treaty with the Celestial Empire of China, reformed the South Sea Canibals, instructed the inhabitants of Nova Zembla in the science of Democracy, regulated the affairs of all other nations, Rhode Island included, paid Gen. Jackson's fine, rejected the distribution money, executed summary vengeance upon all Banks & Banks, abolished all justice and equity in the State, converted all men into Lawyers, substituted Bar Rooms for Bar Rules, and equalized the population and property of this State.

That baby case again. Part of what was published in the Democrat—copied from the American—in relation to this matter was true. In fact all true perhaps, except in relation to the parents coming to Paris in the Stage. This, it has been ascertained was false. The gentleman and lady who came in the stage had nothing to do with it. It was said the parents belonged in Maine. We doubt it. May they not be fugitives from justice hailing from Gotham or some other place of wickedness? The sons of Maine are seldom guilty of such abandoned conduct.

Prophet Miller.—It was rumored a short time since that Miller was dead. We since hear that he has been very sick, but is recovering. He has had the Eresipelas or St. Anthony's Fire.

'None to speak of,' was the humble reply made by a man who was asked if he had got religion. If there were more such christians it would be better for the cause of religion, for such an answer implicates possession as well as profession.

To dread no eye, and suspect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence; an exemption granted only to inviolable virtue.

Delicacy is the virtue of the age in which we live. One writer threatens to use upon another's shoulders the twisted exterior of a cow.

REVOLUTION IN HAYTI. (St. Domingo.) The people have gained a triumph over Boyer, and have the whole Island in subjection except Port-au Prince.—The Tyrant Boyer is shut up in this place, and is a self made prisoner, including the fragment of half starved troops that still remain in his interest. Chas. Herard having assumed the office of Senior Chief Executive of the will of the sovereign people, has issued a proclamation establishing a provisional Government. Hayti must be free. The following is the address to the people and army:—

To the People of the Army:—

Citizens and Soldiers!—A revolution unexampled in the annals of the world—a revolution altogether moral in its operation,—has changed the face Hayti. Tranquility having been restored to the domestic hearth, I have been called by the people to be placed at their head, to execute their resolutions, and to re-establish their rights too long trampled upon.

My soul, moved with patriotic emotions, and recollections of national disgrace, has answered to the popular call. I have raised the two colored standard. We have risen as one man to march to the conquest of the future, and the establishment of a new order of things; and putting ourselves face to face with the oppressor, have declared to him—"The wind of despotism has too long blighted our spirits. The period of our sufferings has terminated with the establishment of a new Constitution, providing for the reformation of abuses, the abolition of a presidency for life, the encouragement of agriculture, of industry, of commerce and the arts, and the founding of new institutions."

These results we will secure, for in God we trust. Curses and misfortune on all who shall dare oppose.

Citizens, Brothers, and Friends! Regard the series of important events which have already occurred, and which seem to presage so many more. An army repulsed by no more than eight regiments rallying in defence of the popular cause, Faubert and Bazelaire put to flight; Colonels Generals and Senators made prisoners. The fate of the tyrant has been inscribed by an invisible hand on the wall of his palace.

Soldiers! I rely upon your zeal. Follow on in the career of patriotism and glory. Second my persevering efforts. In a little while you shall see illustrious legislators destroying the monstrous system which has devoured your substance, invigorating commerce and agriculture, dissipating the darkness of ignorance, and founding institutions, no longer on the unstable sand of the sea shore, but on a broad and immovable rock.

HERARD, AINE.

Aquin, 5th March.

WORKING COWS. Below we insert an article on the practicability of working cows. It is a new idea entirely, but one of some practical importance. We know not wherefore the cow is made an exception from the performance of labor. But we know they never have been used for labor in this quarter. We see no reason why they could not labor if properly trained, and properly paid. If they should be made to bear the yoke, it would prove an Era in Agriculture. That it might be done we see no reason to doubt.

WORKING COWS.

"It seems now to be pretty generally admitted that the cow after a certain age; may by careful management in driving and feeding, be made nearly as profitable to the farmer as the ox."

The idea, however, of reducing these noble animals to the servitude of the yoke, will doubtless be deprecated by many as an innovation upon the laws of nature, and the long-descended and popular usages of their honored sires. We ought always to reflect, however, that many of the practices of our progenitors were the offspring of a dark but pardonable ignorance, and that notwithstanding they were anxious to adopt the best possible modes of their day, they were prevented by their want of knowledge and information from doing so; and consequently that many of their habits and practices, have long since sunk into disuse and disgrace.

Why the cow should ever have enjoyed an exemption from labor, is more than we can decide. The mare does not appear ever to have escaped the yoke of servitude, although it is difficult to ascertain perhaps why she has not been so favored as well as the cow. A neighbor of ours has recently broken over the bounds of prejudice in this respect, and has regularly worked his cows on the road for several months, with flattering success. He says that he finds them as docile, and in every respect as easy to manage as oxen of the same age. Another individual adopted the practice last spring, from necessity. He was so unfortunate as to lose a fine three year old, and not having the means to purchase a mate immediately, he yoked up a couple of cows, with which he has since done all his light work on the farm, besides working them frequently on the road.

In Scotland, the practice of working cows is quite common. They are made to plow, harrow, and cart materials both to and from the fields, in short to perform all the tasks, which, in this country, and indeed, even in Scotland, were until a late period, imposed exclusively upon the ox or horse. To us it seems to be perfectly reasonable in keeping with the usual laws of nature, that these animals should do something towards lightening the burden of their keeping. The mare usually works a month or so of the time of foaling. She is then permitted to lay by for a few weeks, and then again resumes her wonted tasks without detriment to her self or foal. There are but few farmers who do not keep from three to four cows on their premises, and often a yoke or two of oxen, and a span of horses besides, to do their work. Now if the cows can be trained to the labor of the yoke—and there is not the least doubt of the fact—the expense, always a heavy one, of wintering the latter, will thus be rendered not only impolitic but uncalled for.

We trust that our farmers generally will consider this subject as they ought. It is one that very nearly touches their purses, and from a candid consideration of which, the most important advantages may speedily result.

Since writing the above, we have been informed of several instances in which cows have been employed in all the various descriptions of farm work, with the most perfect and flattering success. In no instance indeed, in which the attempt has been made, has there been anything like a failure. All those who have adopted the plan, and with whom we have had the satisfaction of conversing upon the subject, concur in their opinion, both as regards its perfect feasibility, and the superior docility and gentleness of the cow. Their strength, also, is reported to be nearly if not quite equal to the ox, while in celerity of movement they are generally much superior. A gentleman of our acquaintance, and on whose assertions we rely the fullest confidence, assures us that he examined a piece of sward land, last autumn, which was broken by four cows, and that the work was executed exceedingly well and neatly done.

COON FALLACIES AND IMPOSTURES.
In these "piping times of peace" and while public attention is directed to other matters, there is some danger that the Coon alias whigs will not receive their just and merited desert. In their promising days they pledged themselves to the country to carry on the Government for thirteen millions per annum, and contended that an examination of the national accounts, by themselves, would show a debt of forty millions. Well, they have tried their hand in the government, and examined the old books and made entries in the new books. The old debt they found to be four millions and a half, and they have already created a debt of nearly the amount of the articles of the New York Herald makes the following exhibition:—

During two years the legitimate means of the treasury have been \$33,236,639, and the ordinary expenditures have been \$33,236,639, and \$15,900,000 paid on account of the public debt; showing that instead of curtailing expenses, they have exceeded the means of the Government, in two years, \$16,243,401; by which amount the debt has been increased. Adding that sum to the \$4,500,000, makes \$20,743,401 as the public debt, which, on the 1st December, 1842, according to the official report, was as follows:

Old funded and unfunded debt	\$323,566
District of Columbia debt	1,380,000
Stock loan sold	2,799,362
Treasury notes outstanding	10,093,426
Total December 1, 1842	20,596,354
Balance loan since taken	3,200,638
Increase of treasury notes out	1,637,901
Total debt	25,434,893
New issue authorized	5,000,000
	\$30,434,893

"These are figures which cannot be 'dodged.' They are the result of a Congress elected under promises of retrenchment, who the cry against the late Government was, that 'their expenses had exceeded their income \$30,000,000 in twelve years.' This Congress the late Government has spent in two years \$16,243,401 more than its revenue, and has borrowed the money to do it!"

	June, 1841.	March 3, 1843.
Boston,	par 1-8	par 1-8
Philadelphia,	4 1/2 a 1-2	— a 1-8
Baltimore,	4 1/2 a 1-2	— a 1-8
Richmond,	5 1/2 a 6	— a 1-8
North Carolina,	5	1 1/2 a 1-8
Savannah,	3	1 1/2 a 1-8
Augusta,	15	1 1/2 a 3-8
Charleston,	11 1/2 a 1-2	1 1/2 a 3-8
Apalachicola,	30	1 1/2 a 2
Mobile,	10 a 10	18 a 2 1/2
New Orleans,	7 a 7	3 1/2 a 1 1/2
Louisville,	8 a 2	3 1/2 a 1 1/2
Nashville,	12 1/2 a —	3 1/2 a 1 1/2
Natchez,	8 a —	3 1/2 a 1 1/2
St. Louis,	8 a 8	1 1/2 a 1 1/2
Cincinnati,	7 a 7	1 a 1 1/2
Indianapolis,	7 a 7	1 a 1 1/2
Illinois,	4 1/2 a —	2 1/2 a 1 1/2
Detroit,	4 1/2 a —	2 1/2 a 1 1/2

This is tremendously provoking, that after all the efforts made by the disinterested patriots who advocated a bank, only to regulate exchanges for the benefit of merchants, the exchanges should obey the law of trade, and regulate themselves. It is, nevertheless, a relief to mercantile men can make, and receive, remittances from any part of the Union, through private houses, with more facility and at less expense than ever before, under a national bank. The greatest relief has been obtained from what Congress has not done, rather than from what it has accomplished."

PROCEEDINGS ON THE FRONTIER. The Bangor Whig gives the following particulars of the occurrence noticed by the meeting holden at Hancock plantation.

It seems that a Deputy Sheriff of New Brunswick by the name of John C. Craven held a precept on a civil suit against Daniel Savage living in Aroostook County, with which he proceeded up the river and made Savage his prisoner and then returned to Madawaska where he remained during the night in a house near the British Block House. The Americans on Fish River, thought it their duty promptly to rebuke such jurisdiction in their territory. A small but brave number of them under the command of a Constable, with a warrant, started in pursuit for the purpose of releasing Savage and arresting Craven if they could catch him upon the American side of the river. The company proceeded down the river about twenty miles to Joseph Heberts and there awaited the movements of Craven. In a short time Savage appeared among them having made his escape and in a little while Craven also appeared in pursuit.—He was arrested, brought before Justice Wheelock and bound over for his appearance at the District Court to be holden in this city in May next.

A chance for somebody. There is an old maid at Natchez, Miss., worth three hundred thousand dollars, earned by herself in trade, first commenced by peddling apples, candy, &c. Her operations are now very large, and she owns about a dozen of the finest houses in Vicksburg. She lately offered an old bachelor one hundred thousand dollars if he would take her with it; but he declined the offer. Which was the goose? The bachelor, if he is very old and very needy, and if the maiden lady is tolerably good looking and not absolutely disagreeable.—[Bangor Democrat.]

THE GREAT WESTERN. The New York Commercial says—"It is worthy of remark that the engines of the Great Western have been going for twenty days, without stopping for one instant, and that she has steamed a distance of 4700 miles with a consumption of 660 tons of coal—a feat itself unprecedented in the annals of steam navigation. She brought over 1000 packages of goods, and \$750,000 in specie."

AMERICAN LUMBER.

The remarks of Lord Stanley in the British House of Commons, to be found in the extract below, deserve attention. In reference to that part of the Treaty of Washington, which secures to Maine certain rights in the St. John, he says that it merely "legalizes" a state of things which "practically" existed already, and which from the nature of the case, could not be prevented. He might have added, that it did not even need to be "legalized," that being already done by a general British ordinance of many years standing. Is it possible that any portion of the people of Maine can be deceived as to the true character of the boasted rights of navigation secured by the Treaty; after this public admission of a British Minister, that those rights already existed as a matter of fact, and under that best of guarantees, the inherent impossibility of forbidding our enjoyment of them?

From an English paper brought by the Columbia.

ARROOSTOOK LUMBER.—In the House of Commons, Mr. F. Baring wished to put a question to the noble Secretary for the Colonies. It was, whether, under the treaty at Washington, it was intended the produce of the ceded—late the disputed—territory, should be admitted into this country at the same duty as if it were the produce of the colony of New Brunswick; and if he should be answered in the affirmative, he would then ask whether it would not be necessary that the sanction of the Parliament should be obtained to carry the arrangement into effect.

Lord Stanley said the intention of the treaty was certainly to legalize what practically was hitherto the case. Timber was the only produce of the territory alluded to; it was cut in the winter, was laid on the ice, and when it broke up it floated down altogether, and it was impossible for any one to say whether it had been grown on the right or the left bank of the river, and it was proposed by the treaty to admit it all as colonial produce. If there was any doubt of the legality of the proceeding, of course it would be the duty of the Government to introduce a bill to carry the intention of the treaty into effect.

MORE RUMORS AT WASHINGTON.

We think of having this caption stereotyped. For the last six months we have rumor piled upon rumor, without hardly any results. The Government officers, from the highest to the lowest, have by every fresh mail received a fresh edition of fear and trembling.

The last rumor our readers will recollect—viz the rupture between Spencer and Upham. Upon this point, and some others, the correspondent of the Journal of Commerce writes from Washington, under date of April 1st, thus:

The rumors which have prevailed here, for some days past, of an open rupture between Messrs. Spencer and Upham, are utterly untrue. The cabinet is quite as harmonious as cabinets generally are; and were it otherwise, it is improbable that they would give vent to their ill-humor by kicking each other's shins, under the table, as was alleged. It is said that, since the court martial in the Somers' case was decided upon, our Secretary Spencer has felt himself much aggrieved; and, if Captain Mackenzie be unconditionally acquitted, he will feel still more so. But this will not probably lead to any black eyes & sore shins, or to a breaking up of the cabinet. You may count on an extensive sweep in New York and Massachusetts ere long. If it is the Whig office-holders that stand in Capt. Tyler's way, that obstacle is likely soon to be removed.

ELECTIONS ABROAD.

We have received sufficient returns from Massachusetts to authorize us to state that there is no choice in either of the five Congressional Districts. The Post says that it gives "returns from nearly all the towns in the 2d and 3d districts; half the towns in the 5th and 6th districts, and nine towns in the 7th districts the democrats have gained slightly, and in others the whigs have gained. The result is the same, however, as at the second trial. No choice has been effected."

By the same paper, we get the following early returns from Connecticut. Twenty six towns are heard from, and Cleveland, the Democratic Candidate leads his opponent by about a thousand.

A letter from the office of the Norwich News, published in the Bay State Democrat, says—"In addition to which we have heard from about 20 towns, all of which, except Griswold & Montville, have given large democratic majorities."

We have elected Catlin, the democratic candidate for congress from the 3d congressional district, by about 800 or 1000 majority. Norwich has hitherto been a whig town by a majority of 300 or 350 until this year. We this day gave Cleveland a majority of 96."

THE MACKENZIE CASE.—A letter from Washington in the Baltimore Patriot, states that the decision of the Court Martial in the case of Commander Mackenzie, has been received at Navy Department. "The judgement of the Court has not transpired—but the general belief is that Commander Mackenzie has been acquitted of all the charges; and no doubt is entertained that such a decision will be approved by the President although their maybe a Prosecutor in the Cabinet. There will, probably, be much discussion on the subject, but confidence is felt in the general character of the Secretary of the Navy, and in his regard for the service over which he presides. His opinion is believed to be favorable to the Commander, and will very likely influence the judgement of the Executive."

CARRIER PIGEON.—A carrier pigeon recently alighted on the deck of the ship Strabane, on the voyage from Calcutta to Britain, having a regimental button attached to his leg by a piece of brass wire. From a reference to the log of the Mary transport, on her voyage to Bombay, it has been discovered that from the time the bird was liberated from the vessel, to the time it alighted on the Strabane, it had flown no less than two thousand miles in ten days.

A meteor of great size and intense brightness passed over Mobile on the morning on the 21st March.

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CERICAL HUMOR.—There is a good anecdote told in the Foreign Quarterly Review, of an eccentric friar, named Rocco, who once maintained, in argument with a Castilian, that there was not a single Spaniard in heaven. The Castilian was startled at so unexpected a declaration, but Rocco maintained the truth of it. "A few were let in at first," he said, "but they smoked so many cigars that the Madonna and the other virgins were fairly sick; so St. Peter set his wits to work to find out how he might rid them of such disagreeable guests. He sent a crier into every part of Heaven to proclaim that a bull-fight was to be held outside the gate. Thereupon every Spanish saint, without exception, ran off to see the show, and he took care never to let another Spaniard in again.—N. O. Pic.

SELF MADE MEN. You take the whole population, select from it the fifty men who are most distinguished for talents or any description of public usefulness, and I will answer for it, they are all, every one of them, men who began the world without a dollar. Look into public councils, and who are they that take the lead there? They are men who made their own fortunes—self made men, who began with nothing. The rule is universal. It pervades our courts, State and Federal, from the highest to the lowest. It is true of all the professions. It is so now; it has been so, at any time since I have known the public men of the State or the nation; it will be so while our present institutions continue. You must throw a man upon his own resources to bring him out. The struggle which is to result in eminence, is too arduous, and must be continued too long to be encountered and maintained voluntarily, or unless as a matter of life and death. He who has fortune to fall upon, will slacken from his efforts, and finally retire from the competition. With me it is a question whether it is desirable that a parent should be able to leave his son any property at all. [Clement Falconer.

The Brooklyn News says, "on our way to our office on Saturday morning, we were surprised to hear cries proceeding as from under a snow drift on the sidewalk. We mentioned the circumstance to several passers by, shovels were soon procured, and several persons commenced digging with a will to discover the cause. The deeper the shovels descended in the snow, the plainer were heard the cries, until at last a negro was discovered digging for daylight from a cellar, which he no sooner discovered than he inquired, 'Is the end come?' On being answered that it had not, he replied, 'I thought it was, by gosh, and they forgot this saint altogether.'

A MILLERITE GEM. "I wish the day of Judgment would come every day," said a ragged specimen of animated dirt to another gentleman of the same order, at an end-of-the-world camp meeting, the other day. "We have such 'good' times; I haven't been here an hour yet, and I've stole two bottles of beer and seven ginger cakes! Fourth of July may go to thunder! Sunday Schools be hanged! I go for the day of judgment all the time!"

SAFETY. A sailor passing through a street one stormy day, was capsized by a slate blown from a roof by the wind, which struck him on the side of the head; whereupon the sturdy tar declared that the shore would do tolerably well in pleasant weather, but in a severe gale of wind there was no place for safety like a staunch ship, well found, at a distance from the shore, lying to, under a close reefed main topsail!

FOR THE LADIES. When Abernethy was consulted by a young lady for disordered state of the stomach, he said—"How can you expect to be well when you squeeze your waist to the size of a quart-pot? Go! go home! leave off your stays; burn them; and here, take this shilling, buy a skipping rope at the first toy-shop you come to, and use it frequently every day—you will then be able to eat like a rational being."

A very ignorant nobleman observing, one day at dinner, a person eminent for his philanthropic talents, intent on choosing the delicacies of the table, said to him—"What! do philosophers love dainties?" "Why not?" returned the scholar. "Do you think, my lord, that the good things of this world were only made for blockheads?"

A Lowell printer requests one of the Millerite preachers to "call and settle" for the printing of some second advent hymns before he goes up. He says, "we can go before a magistrate and swear that we believe he intends to leave the State."

The man who systematically and wilfully sets himself about cheating a printer, would commit highway robbery upon a crying baby and rob it of its gingerbread.

There is a man in New Orleans who has been so long without money, that he says his "head aches ready to split," when he tries to remember how a half dollar looks!

"May a man marry his wife's sister?" is a question which can only be properly answered by the sister herself, when the widower pops the question.

Why is the word *misapprehension* like the five foolish virgins mentioned in scripture?—Because it is five silly-belles (syllables). Oh!

Nothing can be said against the tobacco boxes now in general use. Those who don't choose don't pay; those who *cheat*, do.

That day in which a person neither does some good actions, nor acquires some useful knowledge, should not be (if possible) numbered in the days of our life.

Treasurer's Notice,—Porter, Resident Money Tax.

NOTICE is hereby given to the owners of Real Estate in the town of Porter, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the same is taxed in Bills of Assessment bearing date 1st March 1843, and were committed to Joseph Taylor, Collector of said town for A. D. 1842, are still due and unpaid, and no person having appeared within six months from the date of said assessment to discharge the same he has made and certified a true copy of so much of the said Assessment as relates to the taxes due on such Real Estate, and I have caused the same to be duly recorded in a Book kept for that purpose.

Owners names or general description.	Range.	No. of Lots.	Value.	Am't Tax.
Residents.				
Andrew G. Fox or unknown, 1 house, 1 barn and 28 acres of land occupied by A. G. Fox and others.	B 2 & 3	97	255	
Thomas Chick, Jr. or unk., 1 house, 2 barns and 20 1/4 acres of land occupied by T. Chick, Jr.	E 15	164	432	
John Pearl or unk., 1 house and 100 acres of land.	G 15	142	378	
Daniel Riley or unk., 1 house and barn and 60 acres of land occupied by Jacob M. Neo	G 16	93	244	
Moses T. Graves or unk., 1 house, 1 barn and 19 acres of land occupied by M. T. Graves	F 2	40	105	
Rufus Meservie or unknown 25 acres of land.	A & B 10 & 11	35	92	
Jacob Peare or unknown 35 acres of land.	A & B 10 & 11	35	92	
Joseph Stanley, Jr. or unk., 1 house, 1 barn and 52 acres of land occupied by J. Stanley, Jr.	B 13	164	432	
Richard Fox or unk., 1 house, 1 barn and 80 acres of land occupied by R. Fox.	G 13	179	471	
Ezra Towl or unk., 1 house, 1 barn and 50 acres of land occupied by Joseph Sargeant.	D 1	112	295	
Jacob Braddon or unk., 1 house, 1 barn and 48 acres of land occupied by Jacob Braddon.	G 8	121	318	
Nathaniel Bedle or unk., 2 houses, 1 barn and 1 acre of land.	E 1	59	155	
James Stanley or unk., 1 house and 58 acres of land occupied by James Stanley.	B 17	85	222	
Ammi Bridges or unk., 85 acres of land occupied by A. B.	C 15	118	311	

Owners Names.	Range.	No. of Lots.	Value.	Am't Tax.
Non-Residents.				
Unknown, Deficient Highway, 1841.	G	2	40	185
Heirs of Wm. Towl, Esq.	A	2	37	46
do	A	3	44	115
do	A	1	100	75
do	A	1	105	187
do	A	3	50	50
do	A	7	70	84
do	C	1	100	75
do	C	2	14	36
do	C	6	38	29
do	C	7	36	27
do	C	8	20	15
do	C	9	12	9
do	C	13	80	153
do	C	16	50	25
do	C	17	44	107
do	D	1	60	60
do	D	2	148	194
do	D	3	98	123
do	D	4	148	194
do	D	5	148	194
do	D	6	30	23
do	D	7	98	74
do	D	8	80	211
do	D	10	79	207
do	D	15	45	73
do	D	18	108	73
do	D	17	5	4
One Store and Stable formerly occupied by Wm. T. Coolbroth, 112 of Barn formerly occupied by Wm. Towl, Esq.			55	224

BENJAMIN FRENCH,
Treasurer of Porter for 1842.
Porter, Feb. 27, 1843.

Administrator's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a License given from the Probate Court in the County of Oxford on the 18th day of October last (1842) there will be exposed for sale at public Auction at the Tavern House of Samuel Solter, in Fryeburg, on Saturday the sixth day of May next, at one of the clock in the afternoon, all the real estate of the late Jonathan H. Ward, deceased and late of Fryeburg in said County, consisting of one sixth part of the Water privilege, Shingle ridge half of about ten acres of land up the stream and above said privilege. Also, an undivided half of about four hundred acres of pine plain in the Godman land, so called, in Fryeburg. Also, an undivided half of Fifty acres of land in Slow, near Capt. Jeremy Eastman's. Also, two Lots of land in Bacheider's Grant. Also, the reversion of the Widow's dower; for the payment of his debts and incidental charges of sale.

EDWARD WESTON, Administrator.
Dated this 16th day of March, A. D. 1843. 47

Executor's Sale.

PURSUANT to a License of the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford I shall sell at public Vendue so much of the real estate of SIMON S. STEVENS, late of Paris in said County, deceased, in and if necessary the reversion of the Widow's dower therein, as will produce the sum of one thousand dollars for the payment of the just debts of said deceased, charges of administration and incidental charges.

Said real estate consists of one half the farm on which the deceased formerly lived situated in Paris, and the right of redemption in the other half of said farm.

The sale will take place on the premises on Saturday the 29th day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Conditions made known at the time and place of sale.

CYRIL STEVENS, Executor.
Paris, March 7, 1843. 3447

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, Joseph Cummings, of Bethel, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, by his Mortgage Deed dated September the twenty-seventh A. D. 1839, conveyed to the subscriber a certain tract of land situated in said Bethel, it being "all of Lot No. 8, in the 1st Range except fifty acres off of the North end of said Lot," which Mortgage Deed is recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds Book 58, page 317;—and whereas, the condition of said Mortgage is broken I claim to foreclose the same, agreeably to the Statute in such cases made and provided.

EENEZER DRAKE.
North Paris, March 23, 1843. 47

DENTISTRY, DENTISTRY.

FILLING, Separating, Cleaning and Setting Artificial Mineral Pivots, Teeth, &c.
T. H. BROWN, Paris-Mill.
Price.—Filling with Gold, from 50 cts to \$1.00.
do Tin Foil, 25 50.
Cleaning set of Teeth, 50 1.00.
Setting Pivot Teeth, \$1.00 1.50, & 2.00.
Work warranted.—March 23. 47

\$10,000 REWARD

Will be paid to any Physician who will produce a better Compound for Family use than the
GENUINE BRANDRETH'S OR GERMAN VEGETABLE PILLS.
STYED
THE LION OF THE DAY.

TO the inhabitants of the United States and the Canadas:—The Pills, well called the Lion of the Day, are respectfully recommended for the cure of all those diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels. These Pills have long been without success rival in Germany, and throughout Europe, and are now in various parts of the United States, by the most eminent Physicians, as a Family Medicine.

This Pill is composed of extracts from nine parts of the Vegetable Kingdom. They are warranted safe in their operation and effects. They are simple in their preparation, mild in their effects, and unobtrusive in their action. They have long received the most glowing recommendation from the Medical Faculty; such as Dr. Mott, and Dr. Guernsey, of N. York; Dr. Delamarre, Dr. Hoar, and Dr. Landon, of Dutchess County; and Hon. B. Peck, M. D., of Glen Falls—these men have all given their names to the Pills, as a recommendation.

Against gastric irritation debilitates the digestive organs and becomes a fruitful source of disease: in some people Dyspepsia, in others, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Hypochondria, Asthma, Cough, Piles, Epilepsy, Low Spirits, Chronic Diarrhea, Pulmonary Consumption, Sick Headache, Eruption of the Skin, Salt Rheum, St. Anthony's Fire, Yellows and Bilious Fevers, Fevers and Agues, Heartburn, Costiveness, Female Weakness, Jaundice, Intermittent and Remittent Fevers, Scald Head, Humors, and all Bilious complaints. These different complaints, each one, and about the same, followed by a train of others, equally detrimental, and perhaps fatal to human life. Like bad legislation, one bad law must be supported by others equally as injurious to the prosperity of the State. A perfectly healthy body is like a well timed instrument, every part of which vibrates in unison, and the least injury to any one throws it into disorder.

These Pills are not intended as a thorough purgative, as some will have it; they are intended to strengthen the system that has run down, and regulate the whole human structure, and remove all obstruction and assist nature in its violated laws. For sale in almost every town in the United States and the Canadas. Price 25 cts. Directions on each box. Be sure when you purchase that you get the Lion of the Day, having the written name of Merritt Griffin on each box. For full particulars, see small circulars deposited with each agent below mentioned.

AGENTS IN OXFORD COUNTY.

South Waterford, A. Houghton.
Lewell, Weeks & Kimball, and J. Walker.
Fryeburg, W. C. Russell.
Brownfield, N. C. Rice.
Hiram, S. Flye.
Woodstock, J. Bicknell.
North Paris, Houghton & Babes.
South Paris, Dr. H. Payne.
Norway, W. E. Goodnow.
Oxford, Wm. F. Welch.
Canton Point, J. Harey.
Canaan, M. A. Barrows.
Dixfield, C. E. East.
Mexico, J. M. Dolloff.
East Rumford, A. Bolster.
Rumford, A. K. Dappp, O. C. Bolster.
East Bethel, E. M. Carter, & Co.
Hartford, W. Hunt.
Jacksonville, C. Howe.
Porter, E. Blase, Jr.
Sweden, B. Nevers.
For sale in this place by Hubbard & Marble.
ly20 C. C. CORLISS, Travelling Agent.

Astonishing News!

"THE TIME MAY COME WHEN CONSUMPTION WILL BE CLASSED WITH THE CURABLE DISEASES."—[BUTE, M. D., 1832.]
THE subscriber announces the gratifying intelligence that he has received from England a large supply of
BUCHANAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE!
The only Compound known in the Medical Faculty which will effect a SPEEDY AND PERMANENT CURE OF THAT DREADFUL MALADY.

CONSUMPTION,

AND ALL DISEASES OF THE CHEST AND LUNGS.
Such as Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Pain in the Side and Chest, Irritation and Soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Hectic Fever, Night Sweats, Emaciation, General Debility, Asthma, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, &c.
For the last five years the HUNGARIAN BALSAM has been in extensive use in Great Britain, and throughout the Continent of Europe, where it has completely outdone the Medical Faculty, by unparalleled success in the cure of CONSUMPTION, and the MOST HOPELESS CASES.

Of Consumption ever brought under their notice. In England it has cured thousands upon thousands of all classes—in cases of the most dangerously Consumptive character—and the English papers are full of extravagant eulogiums upon it, and upon its distinguished author. In the Hospitals of Paris all other remedies have been thrown aside by order of the medical officers.

The great merit of Dr. Buchanan's Balsam is this—in all cases of Pulmonary complaints it gives IMMEDIATE RELIEF. A single bottle will arrest its astonishing violence, and open at once the fountain of health and strength in the afflicted. TRY IT—TRY IT TO-DAY—to-morrow is uncertain, and in case of life and death should never be appealed to. IT IS THE ONLY MEDICINE KNOWN WHICH CAN CERTAINLY CURE CONSUMPTION.

The subscriber has been appointed by Dr. Buchanan Sole Agent for the United States. A single bottle will cost only \$1 per bottle, with full directions. Discretion on Consumption, Notices and Certificates of Remarkable Cures, &c.

DAVID F. BRADLEE,
Sole Agent for the United States.
COURT STREET
OPPOSITE THE HEAD OF BRATTLE STREET.
For sale at the Oxford Bookstore by

WM. E. GOODNOW,
Agent for the County of Oxford.

Merchants and others in want of any of the above, can be supplied at low prices.
Dec. 26, 1842. 341f

Hebron Academy.

THE Spring Term in Hebron Academy will commence, providence permitting, on Wednesday, the first day of March next. The course of studies the same as in similar Institutions. Tuition, \$2 50 a quarter, or 25 cents a week for a shorter time. Board reasonable. JOHN TRIPP, Sec'y.
Feb. 6th, 1843. 41

WILLIAM B. BENNETT,

Attorney at Law,
BUCKFIELD, Me.

HAVING been supplied with all necessary papers is now ready to assist those who purpose to avail themselves of the provisions of the Bankrupt Law. Any business under said Act entrusted to him will be faithfully attended to.
March 3, 1843. 44

BARGAINS!! BARGAINS!!!

WILL be sold immediately, at a great discount, from former prices, the stock of the subscriber, consisting of Stationery, Books, Medicines, Fancy Goods, Stoves, &c. &c. for READY PAY ONLY.
W. E. GOODNOW.
Norway, Dec. 26, 1842. 341f

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,

Deputy Sheriff,
PARIS HILL, OXFORD COUNTY.

All business by Mail, or otherwise, promptly attended to.
Feb. 14, 1842. 41

BEFORE THE BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

THEIR VEGETABLE AND INNOCENT MEDICINE, FIRST PUT INTO USE, AND IMMEDIATELY STAYS THE FURTHER PROGRESS OF DISEASE in the bodies of those whose powers of life are not already exhausted. Where human means can avail, there scarcely is any complaint, or form of sickness, that the BRANDRETH'S PILLS do not relieve, and generally cure. Although these pills produce a "KIDNEY EFFECT," that effect is not to prostrate the body, as with other medicines, but the frame is invigorated by the removal of the cause of weakness, the morbid, the vitiated humors from the blood.

Harmless in themselves, they merely ASSIST NATURE. To throw out the occasion of sickness from the body, and they require no alteration in the diet or clothing.

In fact, the human body is better able to sustain without injury, the inclemency of the weather, while under the influence of this INFECTOR DESTROYER, DISEASE ERADICATING MEDICINE, than at any other time. The importance of Brandreth's Pills for seamen and travellers, is therefore self evident.

By the timely use of this Medicine how much anxiety and sickness might we not prevent! Cold, Bilious affections, Typhus, Scarlet and levers of all kinds, would be unknown! But where sickness does exist, let no time be lost, let the BRANDRETH'S PILLS be at once sent for, that the Remedy may be applied, without further loss of time.

—TO BE REMEMBERED—
That Brandreth's Pills have stood a seven years' test in the United States.

That they are a vegetable and innocent medicine, yet all powerful for the removal of disease, whether chronic or recent infectious, or otherwise.

That they purify the blood, and stay the further progress of disease in the human body.

That, in many cases, where the dreadful ravages of ulceration had laid bare ligament and bone, and where to all appearance, no human means could save life, have patients by the use of these pills, been restored to good health; the devouring disease having been completely eradicated.

That a DEATH BLOW has been struck upon counterfeits, READ WHAT FOLLOWS.

Security to the patrons of Brandreth's Pills.

NEW LABELS.

The New Labels on a single Box of the Genuine Brandreth's Pills, contain

6063 LETTERS!!!

In consequence of the great variety of Counterfeit Labels of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, and which, in many instances, so nearly resemble in outward appearance the genuine of the old style, as often to deceive the patient; Doctor Brandreth, acting under a sense of duty to the public, has employed these celebrated artists, Messrs. Perkins & Durand, who have succeeded in producing at great cost three New Labels, from steel, of extreme difficulty of execution, and of so complicated a nature, as to amount to an impossibility of imitation, being considered by judges a masterpiece in the art of engraving.

The Border of the top, and also of the under label, is composed of the most elaborate and chaste patterns of face work. The crown of the top, and the border of the under label, are printed in red ink, as before, and are printed with red ink, after a design so exquisite and minute as to defy competition; the top and the under label each contain the words "BENJ. BRANDRETH'S PILLS," written in red ink nearly two hundred lines—the top & under label containing, therefore, upwards of five thousand letters.

There is also upon the top, the under, and the side label, two signatures of Dr. Brandreth; one being his regular signature thus—B. Brandreth; and the other his full signature, thus—Benjamin Brandreth; both being the facsimiles of the writing of Dr. Brandreth, to imitate which is forgery.

The Brandreth Pills having these labels upon them, can be relied upon as the true and genuine.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 341 Broadway, N. Y.

N. E. OFFICE,

19, HANOVER STREET, 19, BOSTON.

Sub-Agents in Oxford County will be supplied by Mr. JOHN O. LARSEN, my only travelling Agent in Maine.

or by ordering from my Principal N. E. Office, 19, HANOVER STREET, 19—BOSTON.

NEVER think to procure GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS in Oxford County but of the following regular Agents for their sale.

PARIS, N. E. Office, N. A. College of Health, 182 Tremont St.

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WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

NATURAL PRINCIPLES. It is written in the book of nature and common sense, that the natural vegetable productions of every country are, if properly applied, simply